PR
5787
W55c

Wharton

Cheviot

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

To J. Ambrie Esq
from the Editor
Matthew Burnett

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/cheviotpoeticalf00whariala

Cheviot:

A

POETICAL FRAGMENT.

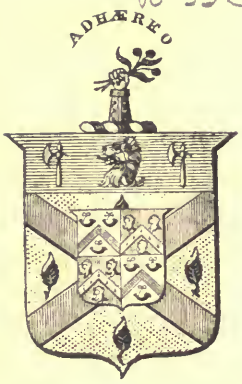
BY R. W.

Newcastle upon Tyne:

PRINTED BY S. HODGSON, UNION-STREET.

MDCCCXVII.

PR
5787
W55c



To

William Burrell, Esquire,

Broomepark,

Northumberland.

Dear Sir,

Permit me to introduce to your notice the following poetical fragment: I consider it worthy of preservation, even on

a

account of its intrinsic literary merits; but much more, with regard to the notices which it takes of many principal places in Northumberland; and as it points to the estimation, in which their respective POSSESSORS, at the time in which it was written, were held.

Of the Author of these verses, and of the exact period in which he lived, little can be formed now beyond conjecture.

The manuscript merely states, that it was written by R. W.

It was purchased several years ago at

a book-stall in London, by the late Mr. Addison Langhorne, of Newcastle upon Tyne; given by that gentleman to our friend, Thomas Davidson, Esquire, Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the County of Northumberland, and by his kind permission presented to the public in its present form.

The manuscript, while it was Mr. Langhorne's property, was submitted to the inspection of the Reverend Doctor Percy, then Domestic Chaplain and Librarian to his Grace the late Duke of Northumberland, at Alnwick Castle; and afterwards Lord Bishop of Dromore: and

it is chiefly from the ideas suggested by that celebrated Antiquary in his notes upon the Poem, that the early part of the last century may be assigned as the probable time at which it was written.

A gentleman, upon whose research and discernment in matters of this nature much confidence may be placed, and to whom I am indebted for many of the notes which illustrate the text, is induced, from the passage at page 26,

"Lo! said I to my son whom here I brought,"

and from the initials, R. W. at the head of the poem, to be of opinion, that the author

might have been one of the family of Wharton, of Wooperton, near Wooler.

The manuscript, from the manner in which it concludes, may not have received all the corrections and revisions intended for it by the author; yet it carries with it internal evidence that he was not a stranger to the compositions of the poets of antiquity: the Passage in the lines at page 5,

" Ere Percy, liv'd there many an English knight,
" Before brave Douglas, many a Scottish wight,
" Who undistinguish'd lie without a name,
" Now having lost the herald of their fame."

has the closest connection with the expression of Horace:

" Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
" Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
" Urgentur, ignotique longâ
" Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

I remain,
With sentiments of sincere regard,
DEAR SIR,
Your faithful friend,
JOHN ADAMSON.

CHEVIOT.

Oft have we wish'd our Cheviot to survey,
Where once so many bards inspired lay—
Dark was the morn of our approaching day—
A gloomy cloud was wreath'd about his head,
Mists, fringed with light, upon his shoulders spread;
An awful darkness all our paths surround,
And we seem'd to advance on holy ground:
We the thin dews descending gently meet,
And new-form'd fogs come tumbling by our feet;
We pass the scarce-to-be-discerned source
Of many a river, many a water-course.

A fam'ly, like a stream at its first spring,
Is but a nameless, despicable thing;
Out from its native earth can hardly peep,
Feeble and languishing doth slowly creep,
Till it with neighb'ring help is kindly join'd,
Grows great, looks big, and scorns to be confin'd.

We see the northern and the southern Tyne,
And where they both in close embraces join;
Blyth, Wentsbeck*, Brenish†, with its snaky turns,
With all her crowd of tributary burns,
And where, at parting, Til her Bomand† mourns:
Here Wern, from narrow streams, is spread abroad,
And (by the Danes infested long) Scate Road.

About the fountain's head there grow such plants
As our unhappy situation wants:
Hot cresses, brook-lime, keenest scurvy-grass,
Which both the sea and garden far surpass.
Here the horse-radish‖ in its brightest green;
In duller the Britannick herb§ is seen:

* Wansbeck. † Bremish. ‡ Beaumont.
‖ Horse-radish; great quantities in Northumberland.—*Author.*
§ The sharp-pointed dock.—*Author.*

The little hills the humble knupes* produce,
Which cure the scurvy with their wholesome juice.
Here grow the healing herbs for wounded men,
When this the seat of war, more plenteous then;
Whether kind nature doth consult our need,
Or its own cure spilt human gore will breed.

After long wand'rings, and oft turning round,
We spy the mountain's head, with heather crown'd;
Now no tall ash, no melancholy yew,
No trembling aspen intercept our view;
Here grow no more the groves of sacred oak,
Where the grave druids did their gods invoke,
Gave rules of life and hopes of future bliss
To men, who have liv'd virtuously in this:
Their patience was as perfect as their law,
Which pleas'd the good, and kept the bad in awe;
The best of heathen men our druids were—
Yet, whether from a superstitious fear,
Or example of the eastern people here,

* Knupes; *moor-berries*. In Denmark, they leave people upon some island, that abounds with these berries, until they recover of the scurvy, which they seldom fail to do Barthol de Med. Dan.—*Author*.

With human blood they did their altars stain;
Reason, without revealed truth, is vain—
Of this vast forest now no trees are seen,
Save those, which grow upon the fatal green—
Hall, near thy Otterburn* the field was fought;
The conqueror the conquest dearly bought—
Here now no fallow-deer, no roebucks range;
How much will time the face of countries change!
How can we trust to learned confidence,
By dark authorities, and doubtful sense,
Which shews where Eden was before the flood,
And since where Nineveh and Babel stood.†

* Otterburn was the scene of the great battle between Percy and Douglas, in 1388; in which Douglas was slain, and Percy, the famous Hotspur, defeated, and, with his brother Ralph Percy, taken prisoner. The family of Hall was settled here for several centuries, and seems to have been the head of a numerous clan, the surname being to this day the most common one in that neighbourhood. John Hall, Esq. the gentleman here apostrophised, joined in the rebellion of 1715, was taken prisoner at Preston, and died at Tyburn, by his own declaration, a most determined Jacobite. By his attainder, the estate was forfeited to the crown.

† Every body knows the contests amongst the learned about the situation of those places, and to how little purpose.—*Author.*

At last we come into the solemn place,
Which our great bard did with his presence grace;
He who divinely sung the Chevy Chace—
It was, immortal Sidney! thy delight,
Approv'd by those * who set our morals right;
Happy those knights whom this great author sung!
Who to the Scottish nation did no wrong,
Tho' he himself was from the English sprung—
Unhappy we, who his lost works deplore,
And those of many a noble poet more!
Ere Percy, liv'd there many an English knight,
Before brave Douglas, many a Scottish wight,
Who undistinguish'd lie without a name,
Now having lost the heralds of their fame.

Here, a refreshing air, clear and serene,
And the day open'd to a brighter scene,
We the adjacent mountains all discern,
With each his head adorned with a kairn;
These were the ruines of the ruder fanes,
Rais'd to their heroes by the pagan Danes;

* Benj. Johnson and Mr. Steel.—*Author.* The author is mistaken as to Mr. Steel: the papers on the ballad of Chevy Chace which are published in the Spectator, were written by Addison.

In after times employ'd for sentry tow'rs,
Or huts where shepherds spent their idle hours,
Or serv'd for the *determin*-able bounds
Set, in Heaven's sight, to part the neighb'ring grounds.
Far off we see the wall * that barr'd us out,
Not that we were more barb'rous, but more stout:
You see the mighty pow'r of Christian Grace,
Which took possession of the wilder place;
In midst of willing subjects here she sat,
The furthest north her glories penetrate,
And western islands with her influence bless,
To which the Roman arms had no access;
From thence the heav'nly brightness turn'd about,
And light in eastern Lindisfarne broke out.
O Holy Isle! To thee does Durham owe †
Whatever once she was, or she is now:
Here laid our Saxon kings their sceptre down,
And for a royal wore a monkish crown,

* The Roman wall, that reached from Wall's-End to Carlisle. *Author.*

† Durham had many privileges before the Reformation, more than now, but very great yet.—*Author.*

In superstition lost,—But they, who toil *
To make their realms with peace and plenty smile,
Encourage piety, the laws dispense,
Study their nation's welfare and defence—
Much nearer to a godlike state aspire,
Than they, who faintly to a cell retire.
Thy early saints, of whom are wonders told,
Have now their ashes mix'd with common mould;
Who now, in vain, seek for these great men's tombs,
Or ev'n the names of Aidan † or of Combs.
There lofty Bebbanburgh ‡ the shore o'erlooks,
Whilst Malvoisin || is only read in books;

* Two lines have been supplied here; and, in the third, the word *encouraging* has been altered to *encourage*.

† Aidan was the first bishop of Lindisfarne, afterwards called Holy Island, and was there interred; but his bones were afterwards removed. Who is meant by Combs the Editor is unable to say. Colman, or Colmannus, was the third bishop; but, after three years' possession of the See, he returned into Scotland, and was not buried here. The author may not have been aware of this circumstance; and it is probable he intended to have written *Colms*, as short for Colmannus, to suit the rhyme.

‡ Bambrough: see Lel. Col.

|| Malvoisin was the name of a fortress built near Balmborough Castle by William Rufus, A. D. 1095, but does not seem to have been noted in history.

This once a royal, now brave Forster's* seat,
By his queen's favour and own merit great.
On Dunstanburgh we cast our wand'ring eyes,
In sight of this, as that of Tinmouth lies.
These fortresses the wary Saxons meant
To guard against the roving Danes' descent.
Nigh this was John,† the subtle doctor, born,
The glory of *his* age, of *ours* the scorn—
We love the rose, they doated on the thorn:
He, by the angelic men, was fear'd as much
As Captain John, his townsman, by the Dutch:
A book of logic was more dreaded far
In those days, than in these a man of war;

* Thomas Forster, Esq. was member of parliament for Northumberland during a great part of the reign of Queen Anne, and even until the year 1715, when he became the general of the rebel army, which surrendered at Preston. By his attainder, the family estate of Balmborough was forfeited to the crown. The general, however, escaped out of Newgate in London, and reached the continent, where he continued until his death. The estate was purchased by his uncle, Lord Crewe (Bishop of Durham), who in 1720 devised it to charitable uses; and it now constitutes one of the most splendid establishments of private charity in Great-Britain.

† The celebrated John Duns, alias Scotus, is asserted to have been born at Dunstan, in the parish of Embleton, and county of Northumberland.

Both threaten war, both fight in smoke and fire,
And in rough terms to victory aspire.
Rock Gardens would please Epicurus' grace;
Brave Salkeld's once, now gen'rous Proctor's place.
We then go on a little further south,
And spy the church's ruins at Aln-mouth,
Where modest Cuthbert, by a council held
Was to accept a bishopric compell'd;
The lab'ring monk they for the charge thought fit,
He knew the office well, refused it,
'Till their repeated votes and voice divine
Did to his see the able man confine.
We our devoirs at sight of Howick pay,
This gratitude, this friendship owes to Grey.
On the south bank, and higher to the land,
Does Alnwick, the Great Percy's castle, stand;
Here William was pris'ner, there stands Malcolm's cross,
The certain monuments of Scotland's loss.
Now Percy's name no more does fill the north,
Hartford* succeeds in honour, fame, and worth,

* Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hartford (after his mother's death in 1722), Baron Percy, &c.—*Dr. Percy.*

Seymour and Percy both in him unite,
He a good patriot, and an hardy knight,
Vescy, with fancy and devotion full,
Thought Syrian Carmel like his Northern Hull *,
Changed his barren into holy ground,
First here the Carmelites a shelter found.
Nigh yonder bridge, from battle nam'd, you'll find
Burrell †, in office just, in friendship kind.
The Collingwoods ‡ and Selbys still renown'd,
Their valour, with large patrimonies, crown'd,
Th' obscure beginnings of the Aln surround.

* John (or according to some William) de Vescy, on his return from the holy wars about 1240, founded a house for Carmelite Friars at Hulne, near Alnwick: induced by the similitude of the adjoining hill to Mount Carmel, which was the first establishment of that fraternity in England.

† Broomepark, the seat of William Burrell, Esq. sheriff of Northumberland in 1811, is situate about a mile to the north-west of the small bridge, called Battle Bridge. The present house was built by the father of the present possessor, Bryan Burrell, Esq. sheriff of Northumberland in 1768.

‡ Unthank and Ryle, and even Eslington, formerly seats of the Collingwoods, are not far from the source of the river Alne. George Collingwood, Esq. engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and was executed at Liverpool, whereby his estate of Eslington was forfeited to the crown, of whom it was purchased by the Liddells of Ravens-

Avert the omen! heav'n's black clouds arise,
Encountering warriors fill the troubled skies,
A dismal sight, a melancholy scene
Opens, unlucky Plainfield! on thy green *;
The hov'ring storm moves south and east awhile,
Now to the northern border of the isle;
Now thick'ning fury charges on the west,
Where *clouds*† of rising smoke conceal the rest.
More south is Warkworth ‡, Clavering's heretofore,
Who 'mongst us with the first a sir-name bore;

worth, the present owners. The mansion-house of Ryle has been long in ruins, and Unthank has, by female descendants, lately passed into other names; yet it has subsequently obtained the name of "Collingwood House". Biddleston, very near the head of the Alne, is still the seat of the chief branch of the Selby family.

* This seems to allude to the rebellion in 1715, begun in Plainfield, near to Harbottle upon Coquet.—*Dr. Percy.*

This sort of prophecy seems to have been written during the progress of the rebellion in 1715, and to have been introduced after the rest of the poem had been written. It describes the direction in which the rebellion spread at first, but not the conclusion of it.

† "Clouds" has been substituted for "columns."

‡ Warkworth was anciently the barony of Roger Fitz Roger, whose descendant John, in obedience to king Edward I. took the name of Clavering. The elder branch of that family has been for many centuries established at Callaly, near Whittingham.

Then Widdrington *, and ancient Delaval †—
Ogle ‡, and Fenwick ‖—who can mention all

* Widdrington, of Widdrington Castle, was a family of great note in Northumberland, from the time of Henry III. until the attainder of William Lord Widdrington, for the rebellion of 1715. The name frequently occurs amongst the sheriffs of Northumberland.

† John De Laval, Knt. of Delaval Castle, was sheriff of Northumberland, 34th Henry VIII., 1st Edward VI., and 1st Queen Mary; and the same name of De Laval frequently afterwards occurs (William De Laval was sheriff 48th Edward III.) There can be little doubt but that the person called Lovele, in the ancient ballad of Chevy Chace, was of this family. John Lord Delaval, Baron Delaval of Delaval, and Baronet, died 17th May, 1808, being succeeded in his estates by his brother, Edward Hussey Delaval, Esq. who also dying without issue male on the 14th of August, 1814, the Seaton Delaval estate descended by intail to his nephew, Sir Jacob Henry Astley, Baronet, the present proprietor.

‡ A younger branch of the Ogles, of Ogle Castle, is established at Causey Park.

‖ Fenwick—formerly a numerous clan in Northumberland, of which the chief was in the reign of Henry III. established at Fenwick Tower, near Stamfordham (long since in ruins); but in the time of Henry IV. John Fenwick married Mary, one of the three daughters of William Strother, of Wallington, in the same county, and in her right became owner of Wallington. Sir John Fenwick, attainted and executed for treason, in the reign of William III. was then the chief. There are still many highly respectable families of that name in Northumberland. A curious account of some of this family may be seen by referring to Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers (Edit. 1809, Vol. II. p. 151).

The gallant men, who have resistance made
When warlike Scots our country did invade,
We in a state of war, each house a fort,
And a rencounter was accounted sport.

Blest was, sagacious Henry *, thy foresight,
Which did the roses, then the realm unite;
Whilst Edward, mixing policy with force,
Enraged the Scots, and made the rupture worse.

You Seghill † was the ancient Segudune,
Now from it Mitford borrows its renown.

King John, with fury flush'd and foreign aid,
Abandon'd Mort-path town ‡ in ashes laid,
Mitford, then great upon the Wents-beck set ||,
And many other towns such treatment met;
Weak kings do oft their subjects first suspect,
And then destroy the men they should protect.

* The marriage of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. with James IV. of Scotland, is probably here alluded to.

† Seghill was formerly a seat of a branch of the Mitford family, and afterwards vested in the Mitfords, of Mitford Castle. It became subsequently the property of the late Sir Lancelot Allgood, of Nunwick, Knt. who sold it to the late Sir Francis Blake, Bart. whose son, the present Sir Francis Blake, is now the proprietor.

‡ Morpeth. || Wansbeck.

In Middleton old Belshaw * does rejoice,
Swinburne's Capheaton's master and her choice.
From public work old Roman-like Loraine †
Returns to his lov'd privacy again.
Fair Wallington ‡ has been decreed by fate
To be the cap'tal of a large estate,
The wine of Wallington old songsters praise,
The Phœnix from her ashes Blackets raise.
Shafto ‖ in Bavington, in Chipchase were
The Her'ns §, who famous in our books appear.

* Belsay, now the seat of Sir Charles Monck, Bart.

† At the time this poem was apparently written, Sir William Loraine, Bart. great grandfather of the present Sir Charles Loraine, was the owner of Kirkharle. He was a barrister at law, and having practised some time, retired, and added to the family estate by purchases and improvements. He died the 22d of January, 1743.

‡ Vide the note on Fenwick. This estate was purchased by Sir William Blackett, of Newcastle upon Tyne, Bart. who, dying in 1705, it descended to his son, Sir William Blackett, Bart. M. P. for Newcastle, by the marriage of whose daughter it vested in his cousin, the ever-to-be-respected Sir Walter Blackett, whose nephew, Sir John Trevelyan, of Nettlecomb, in Somersetshire, Bart. is the present proprietor.

‖ The Shaftos are an ancient family, settled at Bavington, in Northumberland, since the time of Edward I., of which George Delaval Shafto, Esq. is the present representative.

§ Accounts of the families of this name may be seen in Nichol-

The Lisleys * and Horsleys † up the Coquet dwell,
Not far from Thornton is a healing well,
Which draws its virtue from vast seams of coal,
This min'ral makes us wealthy, warm, and whole.

At Corbridge, now in ruins, may be seen,
By Roman trophies, what it once has been;
Their gods and pride together blended lie,
How vastly short they fall of their eternity!

Once Hexham by a persecution rose,
They higher raise it, who the church oppose.

son's Laws of the Border, Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, the Histories of Northumberland, &c.

* Weldon Hall, on the Coquet, was the seat and still is the property of the Lisles, now resident at Acton House, about 3 miles to the eastward. The name of "De Insula" frequently occurs in Northumberland transactions; amongst other instances, Johnes de Insula de Wodebne, is a witness to a deed in 1355. Woodburn is in the lower part of Redesdale, near to which place is a small streamlet that gives name to a small district called Lislesburn.

† The family of Horseley had their seat at Longhorsley, about two miles south of the Coquet, and more recently at Felton. By the marriage of the daughter and heiress of Edward Horsley Widdrington, Esq. with Thomas Riddle, Esq. of Swinburne Castle, the property is now vested in their youngest but only surviving son, the present Ralph Riddell, Esq.

At Dilston—Ratcliff's house, renown'd in fight—
St. Oswald * the Devil Cedwell put to flight;
Oswald, his cause and resolution good,
Turn'd to a field of heav'n—a field of blood.

Now Coatsworth †, in his hermitage at rest,
Pronounces himself and our free island blest,
No wooden shoes are heard, no galley oar
Is seen upon our hospitable shore.

We o'er black fells and hideous hills proceed
To Gyants Town, wash'd by the streams of Reed,
No man, but every god, the Romans fear'd,
Here, to the mighty Mogon altars rear'd;
His statue now, has chang'd his ancient name,
And Reidsdale ‡ has usurp'd on Mogon's fame.

* See Hutchinson's Northumberland, Vol. I. p. 175.

† The Hermitage near Hexham, was the residence and property of the family of Cotesworth.—Wm. Cotesworth, Esq. was sheriff of Northumberland in 1719, and John Cotesworth, Esq. in 1724, who was an active justice of the peace. It afterwards belonged to the learned James Jurin, M. D., and it is now the property of John Hunter, Esq.

‡ There was lately upon a piece of rock, in the grounds of Park-head, near Risingham, a sculptured figure, but not a statue, of some real or fictitious person called Robin of Redesdale, or Robin of

The shabby hero, deified for crimes,
Bolts out the god ador'd in mystic rhymes,
Some bully deed, some fashionable sin,
Has the first rise of both their godships been.
At Elsdon, Matune is a fighting god,
To heav'n, by valour, was the nighest road.
Hence by the street to Rochester we tend,
Of thy ambition, Rome, the utmost end!
How it thy daring legions did surprise
To see new Alps in the new world arise;

Risingham, of which a representation is given in Hutchinson's Northumberland, except that the left arm did not terminate like a stump, but held something resembling a hare, and the edges of the lower part of the vest were nearly close, and not open, as there represented. In September, 1812, this effigy was visited by Mr. Scott, the poet, who had some trouble in discovering it, and after that time, the people in the neighbourhood, whose curiosity was excited, began to pay visits to Robin oftener than was agreeable to the owner of the place, (although the ground on which they trespassed was merely stones and short heath,) who actually cut the stone and its sculpture into gateposts, so that of poor Robin nothing now remains but his legs. The sculpture was undoubtedly very ancient. Horsley took it to be Roman, of which Hutchinson doubted, but does not say whether he assigns it to an earlier or later period; whilst others attribute it to the ancient Britons. Camden states Risingham signifies the Giant's Habitation, and gives an inscription found in the river Reed, near that place, "Deo Mogonti," &c.

Thy rav'nous wolves here finding no more prey,
And rocky hills embarrassing their way,
These rugged passages no further try'd,
But north proceeded by the eastern side.
O curs'd vain glory! lust of conquering
Could men from Italy to Reidsdale bring;
More curs'd division, always Britain's sin,
To let the enemies of mankind in.
Bremenium*, now, is one confused heap,
How quiet here the world's disturbers sleep;
While we upon the Roman glory tread,
And passive ashes of the mighty dead!

Who can forget thee, O thou blest Pauline?
Thy glorious converts hallowed the Tyne,
The Coquet, Glen, and lofty Yeveron,
The Romans pav'd the way, thou followd'st on.
They polish'd the people whom they did subdue,
Virtue *pretended*, pav'd the way for *true*;
These pioneers had clear'd the rugged road,
And in the desart made a path for God.

* Rochester.

The bards exceed themselves on Broomridge * fight,
Ev'n the historians seem'd inspir'd to write.
Who has not heard of bloody Flodden Field,
Where the adventrous Scots were forc'd to yield,
James, hurry'd on by his resistless fate,
And drawn by Henry's absence from the state;
Try'd the grave prophet's truth at his sad cost,
His army routed, and himself was lost.
Just heav'n due reflection first suspends,
Then men run mad to their deserved ends.
Grey lies another Mars at Chillingham,†
With scaling ladders and a battering ram;

* In 938, a great victory was obtained by Athelstan, king of England, over Constantine, king of Scotland (who was slain), and his allies, at a place called Branenburgh—supposed to be Broomridge, near Ford Castle. The annotator of Rapin says,—"In the description of this battle, the historians and poets of that age are extraordinarily full of rapture and bombast."

† The splendid monument in Chillingham church was erected to the memory of Sir Ralph Grey, and his lady Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Lord Fitzhugh, of Ravensworth Castle, co. Richmond. Sir Ralph was the son of Sir Thomas Grey, beheaded for treason, and of Alice, daughter of Ralph Lord Neville: he was born in 1406, and was knighted at Leicester on Whit Sunday 4th Henry VI. 1425, by John Duke of Bedford. In 1427 he petitioned the then Bishop of Durham for the restoration of that part of his father's property which

From Tankerville, where he so nobly fought,
Here in resemblance to be laid, is brought;
The repossession of the lands foretold
By his, as by the patriarch's bones of old.
This stem again in Bewick shall revive
New heroes, he new Tankervilles shall give.
The Nevills in future ages shall be known
Both by their mother's virtues and their own.
Coupland * shall always glory of her John,
Durham shall tell her royal captive won,
And his reward give Ulverstone renown.

lay within his jurisdiction. Sir Ralph died previous to the year 1443, as an inquisition was held in that year upon his death. Elizabeth Fitzhugh, mother of Lady Grey, by her will dated 24th Sept. 1427, gives to her daughter Elizabeth, not then married, "a chaplet of perle with double rooses"; and by a codicil, dated 10th Dec. 1427, after other legacies, she bequeaths to her daughters, Elizabeth and Laura, the residue of all her goods. The will and codicil were proved at Auckland Castle, 29th Dec. 1427.

* This refers to John Coupland, or John de Coupland, who took David King of Scots prisoner at the battle of Nevill's Cross. There is, however, some doubt whether he was of Coupland in *Northumberland*,—though, by several historians, he is said to have been a Northumbrian Esquire, and Nicolson and Burn speaking of the grant made to him, expressly stile him of Coupland, nigh Wooler, in the county of Northumberland, and captain of Roxborough

The manly Strothers *, and the valiant Carrs †,
Both champions dreaded in our border wars;

Castle; but Wallis, followed by Hutchinson, says that Coupland in Northumberland, belonged to the family of *Wallace*, till of late years. He had a promise of being rewarded with estates *near to his residence;* and the estates granted to him were the manor of Coghill in Yorkshire, and a moiety of the manor of Kirkby in Kendale, in Westmoreland, and of the manor of Ulverstone in Lancashire, with some other manors, from which a presumption may arise that he was of the family who ever since the reign of Henry III. had been lords of a large district called Coupland Forest, in the south west of Cumberland, and not far from Ulverstone. The grant is dated the 21st May, 21st Edward III. (1348), and a reference to it would settle the question. See Nicolson and Burn's Westmoreland, pp. 35, 124, 154, 417. In 1379 (Froissart says) a Sir John Copeland ran Sir Lancelot Louis, a French knight, through the body and killed him, for saying he had a more beautiful mistress than any of the English.

* The Strothers, of Kirknewton, continued till within these few years. John Strother Ker, of Fowberry, was sheriff of Northumberland in 1741, and disposed of most, if not all, his estates in Northumberland before his death. Lieutenant-General Walter Ker, is his grandson.

† Elizabeth, the only child of William Heron, who died in the life time of his father, Sir William, married William Carr of Etal, who, in her right, became possessed of Ford. It was probably Elizabeth, the mother of this lady, that was the loadstone of James IV. at the time of the battle of Floddon. Anne, her grandmother, the wife of *Sir* William (daughter of Sir Robert Ogle, and sister of the first Lord Ogle), to whom most historians give the *honour*, was apparently disqualified by years from being the principal, but she might assist in a motherly way. By a subsequent marriage of another

Of Newton, those, as these, possess'd of Ford,
To Rutland *, Etal gives a noble lord.
To service done our country, we of Blake†
Must, in our passing, grateful mention make.
The Haggerstons amongst our gentry fam'd,
From Haselridge an ancient house is nam'd.
How many seats names to their lords afford,
Ilderton ‡, Clennell, Roddam, Hebron, Ord,
Craster, and Cresswell, on the ocean's shore,
And scatter'd through the county many more;

female heir, with Edward Delaval, the estate vested in the Delaval family, in whom it now remains.

* Sir Thomas Manners, of Etal, was created Earl of Rutland, in 1526. Etal is still in the Carr family. The daughter of the late Sir William Carr having married the Earl of Errol, Sir William provided that the second son should inherit the Etal property, and if he should become an eldest son, that it should pass to the next, an event which actually happened a few years ago, Wm. Hay Carr, Esq. being obliged to relinquish Etal and accept of an earldom with a less estate.

† Twizell Castle and Tilmouth, both in this neighbourhood, are estates of Sir Francis Blake, Bart.

‡ Ilderton, Craster (formerly Crawcester), and Creswell, are still possessed by gentlemen of the same names; but Clennell, Roddam, Hebron, and Ord, have passed into other families. There are many respectable families of the name of Ord, and Orde, and there are several places called Ord, near the Tweed, but none where the names of the person and place coincide.

Some happier bard whom nature, art, and ease,
And smiling fortune to this work shall raise:
These gallant names shall sing in sounding verse,
In mighty numbers mighty things rehearse.

How many now extinct, who great have been
In the Plantagenet's and Tudor's reign;
How many now, that did from princes spring,
Or were the cadets of some ancient king;
Their sp'rit and lineage sunk with their estate,
And with the basest vulgar mix'd by fate.
The wheel of providence thus turns about,
And when our part is added we go out;
Thus heav'n from common clay princes does feign,
Then works them into common clay again.

At Norham the politic debate begun
About succession to the Scottish throne.
A neighb'ring powerful monarch is too near,
Fairly such doubtful niceties to clear;
It is a desp'rate, or ill manag'd cause,
Where he can not thurst in a gainful clause.

I ask, brave Scots, if I must pardon ask
For the declining an unequal task,

That having now your ancient realm in view,
I give not your great countrymen their due;
In your own language your achievements tell,
Or Rome's wherein you always did excel.
No nation ever did such wonders do,
But bred such poets as could sing them too.
Brave Scotland! braveryet, if not so nigh
To England, equally as brave, did lie,
They the whole world united may defy.
Great Britain holds the balance in her hand,
And the world's umpire sits by sea and land;
Leaning upon her rocks and pieces found,
Secures herself and awes the nations round.

Berwick of the Bernician kingdom rests,
What it was once, this single town attests;
Betwixt our nations it a barrier stood,
On both sides here was shed much gallant blood.
No nation quarrel now, no border feud,
Before we were more fierce, but now less rude.

We now our eyes on various objects feed,
Wand'ring from muddy Tyne to silver Tweed.

We in our country find, or think we find,
The feats, the freaks, the manners of mankind.
The wall we view, vain limit of our land,
What wall can British bravery withstand?
We through Rome's military labour thurle *,
And down the imaginary rampire hurle;
We make the southern men new coverts seek,
And to their Roman masters whining sneak;
Italian slaves, by crafty lords inur'd,
Brave men at liberty are best secur'd.
Our num'rous castles next salute our sight,
Strong tow'rs possess'd by men resolv'd to fight;
In rough antiquity there's something great,
No new address, or art, can counterfeit,
All hospitable with so good a grace
As ne'er yet dwelt in a dissembler's face.
Our farmers, in their garb and mein, appear
Better than wealthy farmers do elsewhere,
Eat finer bread, and drink more gen'rous beer.

* Thirle is a Saxon word, signifying, to pierce through. It is conjectured that the name of Thirlwall Castle was derived from the breeches made in the Roman wall there by the Scots.

Our industry a pleasant prospect yields,
We see ours equal the south's warmer fields;
Of wealthy flocks our western hills are full,
Most delicate their flesh, most fine their wool.
Great minds may carry their resentments high,
But, when their honour calls, will lay them by.
The nephew's duty thus subdu'd his pride,
When he his uncle rescu'd at Earl Side *.
Nigh this the earth uneven does appear,
We know the heroe's grave, and drop a tear.
Lo! said I to my son, whom here I brought
His country's site and story to be taught,
Yonder thine honest ancestors did live,
Wh' examples may of prudence to thee give
Of industry and courage; but no claim
To wealth and title, or a sounding name.
Learn to be humble, virtuous, and wise,
And, if thou may'st, by gen'rous methods rise.

* Earl is near Wooler, and has been long the property of the Selby family. Of the circumstance, or the persons here alluded to, the editor has no knowledge.

A worthy man may long continue low,
And his advance to riches be but slow,
Taller and stronger he, his root more fast,
Verdant and spreading shall to ages last.
Thou hadst much better as thou art remain,
And thy neglected innocence retain,
Than by foul means to tempting heights aspire,
And grow the vainer as thou risest higher.
Baseness and vice by which estates are rais'd,
May through the wretched founder's line be trac'd.
The older, the corrupter, daily worse,
Of heaven abhorr'd, and to the earth a curse;
Virtue is true nobility, possest
Of that a man had better want the rest.
There's now a family where late was none,
And the next generation 'twill be gone.
An house time immemorial was there,
But now is sunk by its unthinking heir;
Gentleman like that *new man* does behave,
That gentle-man turn'd trader and a knave;
Cheating his father, he the world begun,
And when he is grown old, will cheat his son.

That fool of birth of wiser men takes place.
His dull precedence turns to his disgrace;
The higher he stands the better he is seen,
Obscurity would be a decent screen.

Do you know how that fam'ly was undone?
The spaniel is more learned than the son.
To the best tutors Tray abroad was sent,
His time at home young master idly spent.

In long descents these people are the same
Fixt heirlooms they with their first owner's name;
One character may for them all suffice,
He's born, he drinks, he hunts, he stuffs, he dies.

When once an ancient family runs dregs,
The heir's a senseless creature with two legs;
Cou'd their blest forefathers again appear,
And see what monsters their bright titles wear,
Content with fame that walls and records gave,
Asham'd wou'd sink into their silent grave.

Ah! wou'd but our Northumbrian youth believe
What vast advantages they might receive
From gen'rous education, and a sight
And knowledge of the world, and what is right;

Cou'd I persuade them manly exercise
May very well consist with being wise,
That pleasant conversation may be had
Without one's turning either drunk or mad;
That 'tis below no man to understand
The value and improvement of his land,
And that a man of breeding may discourse
Of something else beside his hounds and horse.
Blunder and *Nice*, two fools in each extreme,
And downright mad that they might zealous seem;
No sooner meet but instantly they scold,
Blind, like the ancient combatants, and bold.
Folly is in the right for ought he knows,
And winks that he may be led by the nose;
Bid him look up, he falls into a huff,
Utters a deal of inconsistent stuff,
Then shuts his eyes on the ungrateful light,
Chusing to walk by faith and not by sight.
Fear not that man grown to a monst'rous size,
Great in his own, and great in others eyes;
Richer, indeed, not better, nor more wise.
Neither from int'rest nor from fear rebell,
You venture here on death—hereafter hell—

Kings are of God, and if like Gods they reign,
The pow'rs, that rais'd them, will their throne maintain.
Give each transgression its own proper name,
Let innocent religion bear no blame;
On holy pretences, when a crime is built,
'Tis complicated sin, and double gilt;
When thee, thy mother, Palladino bred,
With vain romance she stuff'd thy adle head,
So deeply this impress'd thy tender mind,
Thou never yet the way of truth could'st find;
Thou went'st astray as soon as thou wast born,
And modesty became thy infant scorn;
Thy fancy dubb'd thee, when it first begun,
Knight of the burning pestle and the sun;
By thee foil'd conscience was in triumph led,
And probability affrighted fled;
Fiction alone attends thy pow'rful nod,
Thou far outstrid'st the long-leg'd Lapland God;—
More doughty thou, more terrible in fight
Than doughty Hudibras and Wallace wight.
Knight errantry runs through thy whole affairs,
And daily thou pour'st out romantic prayers.

That man has lost a plentiful estate,
By knowing it too soon, himself too late.
How flourishes that once decaying house,
It is the blessing of a virtuous spouse.
That now decays by luxury and strife,
The deadly plagues of an ambitious wife.
Prodigious pains that spark took night and day,
To get his troublesome estate away—
There int'rest, there opinion caus'd debate,
These monsters tear—then worry church and state.—
That family at first was dull and stout,
Their courage gone, their dullness still holds out.
There policy degenerates into craft,
Those fathers airy, and their children daft,—
Leave off thy hot pursuit, in mercy spare
Thy wretched self and thy as wretched heir;
Fast as thou get'st, he is resolv'd to waste,
Longing the bottom's sweetest cup to taste.—
Can he have sense or virtue of his own,
Wh' admires so much his neighbour that has none.
The trader thro'out Antonio you may trace
And read the scales and counter in his face;

His stiff address retains the *ditto* still,
And flaunting clothes the gentleman fit ill.
Mirmillo will be always in the right,
And others let him be so out of spite.
What has that noisy devil, Marcus, done,
All things are just as when he first begun—
O mighty pow'r of superficial wit,
Without regard to what is just or fit:
This the great vulgar and the lesser love,
And wise men laugh at what they dont approve;
This makes loud nonsense with applause go off,
Turns blasphemy and treason into scoff;
The most unblemish'd honours are suppress'd,
For this the ribbald Faustus is caress'd.
Sir Courtly for all me may take his choice,
Either to hold his tongue or raise his voice;
He in all revolutions is the same,
Tacks quick about, and gains by ev'ry game;
He laughs and calls the honest man a fool,
The adversaries' butt and parties' tool.
Stentor talks continually and loud
And gathers where he is the gaping crowd.

Flanco is daily panting after more,
Yet dare not touch the consecrated store;
He made his birth-right truckle to his lust,
He laid, for gold, his honour in the dust.
To taste the pleasures of a marry'd life,
And have the long'd-for honour of a wife;
That lady wed a miserable soul,
A mad, debauch'd, and an ill-natur'd fool.
Fate and the nuptial knot have link'd those two,
That singly the whole country might undo.
Whether Nature check'd grows to greater height,
Or fruit forbidden whets the appetite;
Or a base off-spring, conscious of its stain,
Seeks, by its brave achievements, to obtain
Original and underived fame,
And in the hero hide the mother's shame—
Proud Normandy boasts of *Arlotta's** son,
And we, of feats by bastard Ogle done.

* Arlotta, or as Hume chuses to spell it, Harlotta, was mistress of Robert, Duke of Normandy, and mother of William the Conqueror, commonly called the Bastard. From this name some etymologists derive the word Harlot; but this, as well as every other derivation of that term, seems strained and unsatisfactory.

Yonder the zealous ladies rendezvous,
And deal about their politics and news;
If thy fate lead thee there, begin no plea,
But decently sip off thy sober tea;
Or if by chance thou com'st the length of wine,
No modish toast, if thou be wise, decline;
Ev'n Jove, in the assembly on the Ide,
Cou'd not the female *sov'reignty** decide.

The knowledge thy industrious youth procur'd,
By age and long experience matur'd,
Has rais'd thee to an honourable height,
To be our oracle and our delight;
Thus ancient heroes to their honours came,
Their godlike virtues gave a godlike name.

Not so Becongio, whose early care
Was to pursue the flying fox and hare;
His horses, hounds, and cocks of game to feed,
And to preserve religiously their breed:
The choicest education, that he had,
Was with his man, or equals just as bad;

* The editor ventures to supply this blank with the word "Sov'reignty."

Not to be mad to him was to be dull,
But to be happy gloriously full;
His sports are now succeeded by the pot:
Lives and shall die a despicable sot.—
That rakish husband and his slattern dame
Know less of housekeeping by far than game,
All things for ostentation here abound,
But nothing neat, or useful to be found;
The bowl alone stands ready for the charge—
Other provisions wand'ring still at large:
To entertain a friend more noise was made,
Than in preparing for a long blockade;
The Trojan prince was in a mighty freak,
When meat and drink and servants were to seek;
Till seasonably his venison arriv'd,
And providential wine his heart reviv'd.
That man's religion is the very best,
Of faith, good works, and charity possest—
Firm to his own and moderate to the rest.
Those men were bigots, and their sons profane,
Whose children will be bigots o'er again;
Easy the change—small is the difference—
'Twixt want of piety and want of sense.

That man is rul'd by an imperious Miss,
Rid madly by a furious prophet this;
Sweet Jesus! how unlike thyself and word,
To propagate thy faith by fire and sword—
That to obedience men must be reduc'd,
By being first inhumanly abus'd,
To be made saints men must like beasts be us'd.
That lady by a fawning quack is sway'd,
There a dictating lawyer is obey'd;
A conscious servant and familiar jilt
Rule there, by the prerogative of guilt.
You little know of man, if you know not
The same man may be both a knave and sot;
The fool than the wise knave is keener bit,
Never takes up a cause but carries it;
No arguments, no fear of future shame,
Can beat the eager terrier from his game;
Pity Actæon worry'd by his hounds—
More Timon dying of domestic wounds—
Oft he foresaw the loss of his estate,
As oft resolv'd he to precipitate
The villain crew, but was withheld by fate:

Lurking amongst his beasts condemn'd to lie,
Inglorious lives, and shall inglorious die.
Let us adore the hand of Providence—
There is a man of industry and sense,
How much he labours, and how well contrives,
Lays nothing up—with difficulty lives,
Whilst his weak neighbour wonderfully thrives,
Loaded with all the fashionable crimes—
His own produce or those of foreign climes.
That youth returns t' infest a witless spouse,
And thro' posterity the taint infuse;
It must be so, for none must here approach
To cure the man, but flatter the debauch—
How lavish of his life *Wildfire* is known,
As if he'd more, or this were not his own,
False thoughts of honour all his actions rule,
Which to support, the hero turns a fool.
Smatt'ring of knowledge is much worse than none—
That superficial fop will cut alone,
And no assistance needs to be undone.
Had pure affections warm'd alone thy breast,
And thy whole heart a faithful wife possest;

Thou hadst not now bewail'd, when 'tis too late,
Thy honour, wealth, and ruined estate,
Nor bought repentance at so dear a rate—
A set of finest morals *Talk-well* got,
But lives as loose as if he had them not.

His principles, though ill, *True-man* obeys,
And walks uprightly in erroneous ways.

The younger sons, who from the house descend,
Will the estate by a partition rend;
Or having no provision of their own,
Hang on the heir and sink together down.

How has that small inheritance held out,
And long surviv'd the great estates about?
The heir keeps still entire the first acquest,
Ample provision made for all the rest,
Thus a succession of wise men is blest.

That dame, proud of her being nobly born,
On the presuming vulgar looks with scorn;
Their garbs, improvements, virtues, all are crimes,
And shew the deep corruption of the times;
Tawdry in gaudy colours she appears—
And tatter'd remains of ancient honours wears:

Sufficiently her drap'ry and her dress
Her very great antiquity express,
But ne'er reflects how many a stol'n embrace
Has mix'd the blood, and spoil'd the boasted race.
A creature there, forgetting whence he came,
Is curious to the last degree of shame.
She must have every thing, but nothing please—
A too great plenty causeth her disease.
But yet her fine variety is waste,
For want of judgment and discerning taste.
That booby spoils a tolerable face
By his affecting an imagin'd grace,
Whether he goes abroad, or stays at home,
Becomes ridiculous and troublesome.
  Ev'n his devotion, the indulged sin
(For it will evermore be creeping in)
Foully profanes with an unhallow'd grin;
As if he thought that look with heav'n obtain'd
The most, where least of his own work remain'd—
  O may our happy country ne'er be curst
With atheism—of mortal ills the worst—

May none the author of their life defy,
Nor him who can annihilate deny.

We westward with the setting sun descend,
And weary hasten to our journey's end;
Then pass'd the lake; not in, but near, the top
The waters drain, and in this bason stop.

Our guide here stay'd us, to behold the cleft,
Where once the raven of the brood bereft,
Call'd in the gen'rous hawk to her relief,
And joining chas'd away the royal thief.

Then came to Dunsdale on the mountain's side,
Which never yet the sun's bright eye espy'd—
A dismal den, black as the mouth of hell,
Here once, they say, did frightful spirits dwell;
Now dead or bound, or sunk much deeper down,
Or domineer where Jesus is not known.
Damp stream, gross darkness, and a troubled air
Stay yet, which cause confusion and despair,
Whilst we look on we are with horror seiz'd,
Yet seem with the delusion to be pleas'd;

Such motion when distemper'd fancies feel,
They call them prophecy, new light, or zeal.
Hereabout Lermot* sat, who cou'd not climb,
And was contented with mysterious rhyme;
Ne'er was, nor ever will be understood,
And therefore by the most accounted good—
Some creatures love, you know, to live in mud.

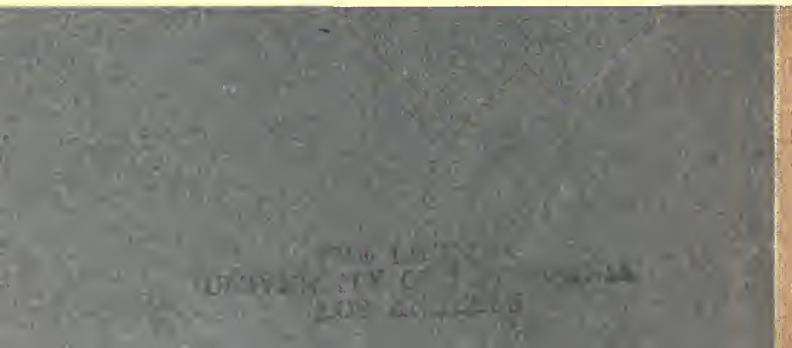
* This seems to allude to Thomas Learmot, otherwise Learmouth, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer. But why he is said to sit upon Cheviot, I know not. He lived at Ercildowne, near Earlstowne, in Berwickshire; where the ruins of his mansion are still to be seen. For a further account of him, see Scott's Introduction to Sir Tristrem.

FINIS.

Printed by S. Hodgson,
Union-Street, Newcastle.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9–32*m*-8,'57(C8680s4)444



AA 000 079 052

BINDERY MAY 10 1958

PR
5787
W55c